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A NEW SONG

Made by a Person of Quality, and sung befor His MAJESTY at
WINCHESTER.

To the Tune of, Cook Lawrel.



A Tory came late through *Westminster-hall*, and as he past by heard a *Citizen* bawl; The



Judges are Per-jur'd, and We are un-done, our *Liberty's* lost, our *Char-ter* is gone.

II.

This comes of our Prating since *Colledge* is dead;
 This comes of Plotting without *Tony's* Head:
 For he had more wit in his Treason by half,
 As he hook'd him self on, he crook'd himself off.

III.

He scarce had said this when a Baron aproach'd,
 That ruin'd two *Sisters*, the younger debauch'd:
 The Reasons he cry'd, I'm loath to describe,
 He would have a *Maiden-head* out of the *Tribe*.

IV.

The next came a Peer, the Knight of great Fame,
 One famous for Stabbing, the other was Lame;
 O Heavens! in what a strange age do we dwell,
 When *Bully's* Reform, and *Cripples* Rebell.

V.

With them the sweet Speaker, *Wi. W.* ^{*William*} I saw,
 Head full of Projects, but empty of Law;
 he ('tis observ'd) has been dull as a Dog,
 since *Payton* ^{*to*} batoon'd him for calling him Rogue.

VI.

Peart *Wa-* ^{*ing*} *op* and *Win-* ^{*ing*} *on*, Mutinies breed
 Yet still in the *Cause*, for no purpose are Fee'd:
 For *Cradock* will offer himself for the Drudge,
 If either of them will be fit for a Judge.

VII.

Old *Ma-* ^{*gra*} *rd*, all ages in *Faction* was cheif;
 Now mumbles by rote, ne'r looks in his Breif:
 But rotten *Rebellion* will never last long,
 He spit out his teeth, & will cough out his tongue.

VIII.

Now by the *Re-* ^{*cord*} *er*, new Cards must be plaid,
 That Body of Law with a *Sarazens-Head*,
 That (Span'el-like) fawns on the King to his Face,
 And yet makes the *Whigs* just amends for his place.

IX.

For Magistrate *Patience*, I plainly confess,
 I've little to say, because he's in Distress;
 But he that's sat in th' Cities great Chair,
 Would a *Pillory* grace; so I wish he were there.

X.

Dubois and *Papilion*, the Cities sham *Shrieves*,
 Whose Truth & whose Loyalty no man believes;
 That Arrested the *Mayor* and no danger he saw,
 To keep from self-Hanging, I leave to the Law.

XI

[boast,

For Law they complain'd, of the Lawyers they
 They'r pleas'd, till by Law they their *Ch.* had lost:
 Law, Law, was the cry of the Mutinous Crew,
 The *Devil's* in't if they ha'n't Law enough now.

XII.

[Poor,

Scribe *Cl-* ^{*into*} *n's* Wife deckt with the spoils of the
 Embroider'd in Scarlet like *Babylon's* Whore;
 But let me advise him to strip off her Red,
 And make her a Peticoat of her *Green Bed*.

XIII.

[Whore,

Old *Pl-* ^{*a*} *yer's* grow'n rampant, late pickt up a
 And swore he'd recant, and be *Whigish* no more;
 By *Tories* made Drunk in the Company's view,
 The Saint kist her *C-* ^{*t*}, and drank healths in her
 Shoe.

XIV.

Now listen ye *Whigs*, and hear what I speak,
 A *Monarch* (like Heav'n) can give, and can take;
 But You for *Rebellion* no Reason can bring,
 So hang your selves all; and God save the King.

L O N D O N :

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